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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

TIERED.

World I were lying in a field of clover—
Of clover cool and soft, and scented sweet,
With daisy clouds in deep skies hanging over,
And scented silence at my head and feet—
Just for one hour to slip the leash of worry
In eager haste from Thought's impatient rush,
And watch it rushing in its heedless hurry,
Disdaining wisdom's call or duty's hush.

Ah! it were sweet, where clover clumps are
meeting,
And daisies hiding, so to bide and rest;
No sound except my own heart's sturdy beating,
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast—
Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing
That comes of listening to a wild bird's song:
Our souls require at time this free unheating—
All words will rust if seaboard-kept too long.

And I am tired—so tired of rigid duty,
So tired of all my tired hands and to do—
I yearn, I faint for some life's free beauty,
Its lower bounds with no straight string run through.

Ay, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude speech;
But women sometimes die of such a greed—
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,
And the assurance they have all they need.

STORY TELLER.

ROSELLE.

It was the last *bal masque* of the season—just before fashion's votaries said good-bye to the fascinations of the opera and ball, and fled to country haunts and ocean beaches.

Two genteel loungers, who had strolled in to look at the costumes now set in one of the little alcoves that opened upon the balcony, smoking and chatting over their cigars.

"Where do you go?" said Henry.

"To Brighton." And you?"

"Switzerland, I think. Party of us going; all the club; all save Standing."

"And He?"

Henry laughed. "He will not be induced to leave England, or the vicinity of London, this summer," he said. "He's done for, evidently."

"What! you don't mean he is in earnest with this dashing Roselle? I fancied he was not so far gone as that."

"I think he cares more for Roselle than he is willing to confess, even to himself. But he is off on a new scent now. There is a lovely wild-rose of a girl been visiting friends of his. She is from Beechville, fifty miles away. Her father has a superb country residence, and she is an only daughter. He is invited up there for shooting and fishing by her brother. If he goes—farewell, Standing. The wild-rose is very fresh and very fair, and her parents know it. They know, too, that Standing is as rich as a young Croesus, and wonderfully susceptible for one of his years and experience. I feel sorry for Roselle."

"Bah!" sneered the other. "You waste your pity. Women of her style do not need it."

"You do Roselle wrong," said Henry. "She is grossly misjudged by most people. She is imprudent, rash, even, in her conduct at times, but she is a fine girl, with a heart which I believe is deeply touched just now. I believe she loves Standing passionately."

"You are very lenient in your judgment for a man of as wide experience as yours."

"Yes, perhaps so. My experience makes me lenient. Roselle excites my interest and pity. She always has. An orphan—with money, beauty, dash, spirits, wit, no caution, no adviser—she became a social code to herself. Yet nobody can lay a finger upon one wrong act in the girl's life, and if Standing would marry her, society would accept her and make the best of it. I wish Standing would marry her, but he hasn't the moral courage. I think he is going off to Beechville to wean himself from her fascinations. Let us move on."

They moved on, and did not see the figure of a woman who had sat just outside on the balcony. She had gone out of the heated ball-room to rest and breathe the pure night air for a moment with her mask off.

She was of fine figure, which was well displayed by her elegant costume. Her rich, bronze hair, fell in luxurious freedom over her handsome shoulders; her large, brown eyes, were full of unshed tears; her beautiful mouth drooped at the corners; her white hands had dropped the mask on her lap, and were clasped convulsively upon her bosom.

She was Roselle.

She had heard all the conversation.

"So he is going to Beechville," she said; "and to her! We will see."

Two weeks later a tall young fel-

low, in thin coat and straw hat, left his luggage to follow him, and, with a careless glance at the group of loungers about the little station, started for the inn, half a mile distant on the Great Northern, at Beechville.

He was, perhaps, twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old, beardless, brown-haired, dark-eyed, with a handsome, weak mouth, and an irresistible smile and perfect teeth. It was Standing.

As he walked leisurely along he heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs. Looking up, he saw, a handsome, high-spirited black horse, on which was seated a lady, in a perfectly-fitting riding-habit—a lady who reined in her horse when she saw him, and leaped forward with a bright smile and bow.

"Roselle, by jingo!" he cried, surprise, pleasure, consternation, all mingled in his face and voice. Then he bounded over the pasture-fence and was at her side in a moment.

"Are you not glad to see me?" she asked, with one of her bright smiles, as she playfully touched his shoulder with her riding whip.

"Glad?—why, yes, of course! Always glad to see you, you know, only it's so very sudden and unexpected!"

"Oh, it was very sudden!" smiled Roselle. "I was talking with Mrs. James Thorne, you know!—about summer resorts, and chanced to mention Beechville as a nice, quiet place, where one could have plenty of air and exercise, and not be obliged to dress to excess. She seized at it immediately. Said she was here once a few weeks, and she made up a party of six of us in less time than I can tell you, and we came the next day. Have been here a week. Heard you were coming last night."

"Who told you?" queried Standing, as he lifted his hat and ran his slender, white fingers through his hair.

"Who?—oh! Mr. Hamilton—Hugh Hamilton. He is up at the inn, and said he expected you daily. We were also surprised and pleased."

"Then you have met Hamilton?"

"Yes, and his sister came to call upon us to-day. Such a lovely girl—pink and white! We all thought her very pretty, and she and I are already very friendly. I am invited there to spend the day soon. Tra! la! I will see you later!"

She touched her horse, and was gone, with a bright, backward smile and glance, and Standing walked on at a swifter pace.

"So, after all, I am to be under the same roof with Rosella," he mused.

"Instead of running away from her I have run to her, and I'll be hanged if I know whether I am glad or sorry."

When Hamilton came up that night, explaining his unavoidable absence from Beechville at train-time, and asking Standing to remove his luggage to his handsome residence, Standing declined.

He went home with Hamilton, and spent the evening. Lydia Hamilton greeted him with that quiet and well-bred reserve that was so habitual to her. How fair she was! Like a bluish-rose! And how low her voice! And her eyes—but he had never seen them fully—the white lids always veiled them.

"What a difference!" he said, mentally, as he walked toward the hotel. "I wonder how it would have seemed if she had said, 'Tra! la! I will see you later!' when I left her? Yet somehow, Roselle says these things so cunningly! A fellow can but enjoy them."

Three or four parties were out on the balcony when Standing came up the steps.

Mrs. Hamilton leaned down, and called to him to come up.

"I am smoking my cigar; I can't!" he answered.

"Shall I come down," said a gay voice, "and keep you from melancholy till you finish it?"

It was Roselle.

"Yes, come," he said; and they walked in the moonlight until the others had left the balcony. And when he slept that night, it was the bright repartee and ringing laugh of Roselle, not the gentler tones of Lydia Hamilton, that haunted his dreams.

But that was Roselle's last hour.

Standing arose the next morning with a firm resolve to keep himself master of the situation.

"I must not compromise myself here," he said; "it is very different from London. There it was looked on as a flirtation. Here it would be thought to be a betrothal, and I don't want that idea to get out. I

can be polite and civil, and all that sort of thing, without compromising myself."

Most of his evenings after this were spent with Lydia Hamilton.

"She never startles—she is never striking," he said; "she is like the moonlight."

One day Roselle came down to spend the day, according to agreement. Hugh Hamilton and Standing came home from two days' hunt, and found her there, and Standing remained to lunch. Roselle had never looked better. Striking she was always; her rich coloring, her fine figure, the general *tout ensemble* of the woman, made her that; but she seemed to fascinate and charm the gentle Lydia with her wit and repartee instead of shocking her, as Standing half expected.

Hugh was in fine spirits, and his laugh was always ready if Roselle opened her lips, anticipating a witticism.

Standing, who had been strangely nervous when he first found himself in the presence of the two women, soon grew at ease, and made himself delightfully entertaining.

"I think Miss Somers—or Roselle as you call her—is charming," said Lydia the next day to Standing. "I like her dash and sparkle, and she seems so genuine and so earnest."

Standing, who was easily swayed by the opinions of others, felt his heart thrill. After all, Roselle was charming.

He thought of her as he walked up the path in the starlight a few hours later. And, as if in answer to his thoughts, he found her sitting alone on the balcony, enveloped in a white shawl.

"I know you do not object to smoking," he said, "so I will sit down here and finish my cigar. May I?"

"Yes," she said; "and let me help you." She took the cigar with a graceful gesture and a gay laugh, and held it close beside her lips.

"Would I not make a fine profile picture now?" she asked.

Just then a window-blind was opened, and a blaze of light enveloped them. She gave back the cigar, and they fell to talking lightly, while a thousand tumultuous thoughts surged through Standing's brain.

To the average man of the world, a spice of *abandon* about a woman he knows to be good is fascinating and attractive, whatever the world may say of it. Standing was compelled to admit to himself that he enjoyed the bright, changing variety of Roselle's society better than he did the unexplainable sameness of Lydia Hamilton's demeanor. And yet, the world—the speech of people!

One night he sat in the commercial room of the inn, reading the paper, and Hamilton sat at a little distance, also reading.

Two strangers, sportmen, from London, were carrying on a conversation. Suddenly the attention of Standing was called by their mentioning a name.

"Didn't I see that dashing Miss Somers in the dining-hall to-night?" queried one. And the reply came—

"Yes, she is here—handsome, and faster than ever. I should judge, I saw her smoking on the balcony, with a gentleman the other night."

There was a dead silence for a second.

Standing paled behind his newspaper, but did not stir. Then, with a little spring, like a young panther, Hugh Hamilton stood before the last speaker.

"You have lied, and defamed a friend of mine," he said, in a low, quiet voice. "Retract what you just now said, or I will knock your teeth down your throat."

"I—I beg pardon," he said. "I didn't suppose she was a friend of yours. I only spoke in jest."

"I would advise you not to make use of a lady's name in your jests hereafter," said Hamilton, as he turned away.

The story of Hamilton's defence of her name reached Roselle the next day. It had spread through the inn, as such news will, like wildfire.

The next time she saw him alone she tried to thank him, but her tears choked her, and she covered her face with her hands.

He took them both in his.

"I needs no thanks," he said softly. "What man would not defend the woman he loved? I love you, Roselle. Will you not be my wife?"

And she wore his diamond solitaire that night.

Standing heard a chance reference to the romantic finale of the sensation the next day. A sudden sickness seemed to seize him. He grew cold

and hot by turns, and was like a man beside himself.

His heart and soul all rallied and cried out against another man possessing this peerless creature, who had been his, virtually, so long.

Ah, he would see her—he would talk to her; he would tell her she must not make this sacrifice, for sacrifice it was.

"Roselle is romantic," he said, "and she thinks she must give herself to repay this man for his defence of her. But it must not be. I have been mad, blind, to let it go so far."

It was hours before he could see her alone. Then he drew her aside into an alcove.

"Roselle," he cried, a fire in his dark eyes she had never seen there before—"Roselle, what do I hear? Are you betrothed to Hamilton?"

"Yes," she answered, very softly.

He seized her hand.

"Why did you do it?" he cried. "Did you not know I loved you—had loved you for a long time? Are you sacrificing yourself to a romantic idea, Roselle, in marrying Hamilton. It must not be."

She drew her hands away, and looked him full in the eyes.

"It must be," she said. "I am not sacrificing myself to any idea. I am going to marry Hugh Hamilton, because I love him."

He heard her with a sharper pain in his soul than he had ever supposed it possible for him to suffer.

"I had dreamed—I had fancied—" he began, and paused.

"Yes, I know," she said. "I had dreamed, too—dreamed that you could make me into anything high and true and noble that you desired; but you did not try, and I began to study you—afterward to compare you with Hugh Hamilton, and I found him so much nobler, that all my heart has gone to him. I have been a motherless girl, Standing, all my life—gay, spirited, passionate; but I always knew that a loving hand could lead me to any height. I have been praised, admired, flattered, scolded, censured, slandered, and it all has made me reckless. Now I am *loved*, and by that love I mean to grow to all womanly grace and worth."

"But I loved you, Roselle!" he cried; his selfish heart in a wild passion of pain at the loss of her.

"No," she said; "no man loves a woman who waits for his friend to defend her name. Good-Night."

Two months later, when the party had all gone back to the city, Standing lingered behind.

"A man is a fool who grieves his life away over any woman," he said. "And Lydia Hamilton would be a model wife, I doubt not."

So he asked her to accept the vacancy.

"Are you not aware that I am betrothed to my cousin," she asked, turning her calm eyes upon him in surprise. "I supposed you knew of it—an engagement of long standing, and known to all my friends. I am sorry this has occurred."

So was Standing.

Actors' Memories.

IRVING, BOOTH, AND OTHERS, AT WORK.

"One of the curious and incomprehensible things to the public in general in regard to theatrical people is the manner in which they commit their parts to memory," said a well-known actor and manager to a Philadelphia *Times* reporter.

"Only the other day a prominent man said to me, 'The act of studying and remembering parts of plays has always seemed to me to be a most notable and laborious accomplishment.' Well, it may not be so very notable, but it is undoubtedly in many cases extremely laborious. There are, however, many exceptions. Some people are able to learn their parts with rapidity and ease. I have seen some professional people take hold of a part when there was no special need of memorizing it in a brief space of time, and, after reading it over, learn it perfectly in a marvellously short time. It is not the best actor who can memorize the quickest. To some of the most prominent people on the stage the task of committing their parts is a hard one. As a manager I always preferred to have around me people to whom this work was difficult. I felt surer with them. I knew they had a well disciplined memory, and when once they had learned their

parts they could be depended upon. But there are exceptions to all rules. I recall an instance of a young actor who was in a company I had in Washington some years ago. He was a bright fellow and had a fine stage appearance, but he had the most unretentive memory I ever knew. When he had, after great labor, learned a part, he would often at the critical time forget some of it. At last he got discouraged and I got disgusted, and the sequel of the matter is that he is now a prosperous farmer in Michigan.

"I can always tell an actor's temperament by the manner in which he studies his part. It is fine index to his character. Any one who has ever seen Irving study can attest the truth of that assertion. He takes the utmost pains with every line and word. He weighs every syllable as though his life depended upon it. He studies slowly, not because of any difficulty in memorizing, for he was no such difficulty, but because he pays the same attention to the details of the lines of the play as he does to the details of the scenery.

"Booth is another actor who was most careful in his study, but it has been so long since he learned a new part that the task would now be almost a novelty to him. Poor Ned Southern was a very interesting actor to be seen learning a part. There was nothing slovenly about his work. He learned easily, but he was accustomed to pace up and down the floor of his room, uttering a line over and over again until he had struck the correct expression. But these efforts never created anything artificial in him. He was earnest and sincere always. Fred Warde has a notably quick and retentive memory. I recall an instance illustrative of this. Theodore Hamilton was once engaged in New York to play Edmund in 'King Lear.' Edwin Booth was playing the title role. Late in the afternoon Hamilton got sick, and sent word that he could not appear. The manager was in a most unpleasant dilemma, especially as it was the opening performance of the engagement. He looked about for some one to take Hamilton's place and selected Warde, who had been assigned to an inferior part. Warde protested that he knew practically nothing of the part, and he had not sufficient time in which to study it. The manager, however, insisted, and Warde got down to work. That night his Edmund was warmly greeted. He did not miss a word. 'I remember one night when George Rignold was playing 'Henry Fifth,' about 1876, in Ford's Theatre, in Washington, he was taken suddenly ill. The manager was in great trepidation. He didn't know how on earth to get a man in time to play this important character that evening until E. K. Collier, who was to strut across the stage as one of the heralds, came forward and declared he'd fill Rignold's place. He said he didn't know the part, but would have it committed to memory in time. Some of the company laughed at Collier, but the manager had confidence in the ambitious young fellow, and the result of it was that although he had only four hours in which to study the part, he made a great success. He is high in the profession now and dates his rise from the night he made the great jump from a herald to a king. When the old City Museum was still standing between Fifth and Crown streets, B. G. Rogers, an old-timer, was playing Bob Acres in the 'The Rivals.' He got sick and they called on Sam Hemple, the popular Philadelphia comedian, to take his place. Sam declared he didn't know a word of the part.

"Play it, anyhow," moaned Rogers. 'You've got three hours to learn it in, so get to work.' "Sam got to work, learned the part and made a capital hit."

"Actors these days don't have any such troubles and they don't study much, either. They learn one or two parts at the beginning of the season and play them week after week without any change of bill. Even if they had many parts to learn in a season there would not be one-third the trouble the actors of the old school had. The text of our modern plays is easily learned and easily remembered. Any actor will tell you that it is a far more difficult matter to learn properly five lines of one of Shakespeare's, Knowles's, or the other great dramatists' blank verse dramas than it is to commit to memory forty-five from the melodramas of to-day. Every man or woman in these latter plays more or less changes the text,

either accidentally or purposely, and in very many cases these interpolations are better than the original expressions. I have seen playwrights stand in the wings when their plays were being performed and incorporate into the text some of the words and sentences the actors substituted for the regular version.

COMICAL PARROTS.

While a newly-married couple were away on their honeymoon, they left their house in charge of servants. On their return their parrot repeated several times, "Let's have another bottle; there is no one here to know," and then followed the appropriate "plop, plop," and gurgles. How the servants must have loved this clever bird! This story is quite true. So is the following: A Yorkshire gentleman had a fever about Christmas time, and his parrot was removed from the dining-room to the kitchen, where its voice was less likely to disturb its master. It remained there for several weeks, during which it stole the raisins intended for a plum-pudding. The cook, in anger, threw some hot grease at it, and scalded its head. When the gentleman got better the bird was carried back to the dining-room. Its master, approached with newly-shaved head; whereupon the parrot turned one eye upon him, and slowly said, "You bald-headed ruffian! So you stole the cook's plums, did you?"

While the late Dean Stanley was a canon at Canterbury, a gentleman who had been invited to breakfast in the garden and gazing up at a laburnum in which their master's parrot was at large. At that moment came the master. The parrot looked down at him and said, in a slow but distinct voice—exactly like the late dean—"Let us not pray." The bird was eventually captured by the aid of a fishing-rod.

A grey parrot was stationed in a nursery, where his greatest delight was to see the baby bathed. The child being attacked by some infantile complaint, the parrot was removed to the kitchen. There, after a time, he set up a terrible cry—"The baby! the dear baby!" All the family rushed down to find the parrot in a state of the wildest excitement, watching the roasting of a—sucking pig.

Dr. Karl Russ, in his recently published work, 'The Speaking Parrots,' tells of a grey, which was teased by a fat major, whom it knew well, to climb a stick. "Up on the stick, Polly—up on the stick!" cried the officer. The parrot suddenly burst into a loud laugh, and said, "Up with you on the stick, major."

Everybody has heard of the parrot of Henry IV. which fell into the Thames from a window in a palace at Westminster, and called out, "A crown for a boat." The waterman who rescued it claimed a crown accordingly; and the parrot, on being asked what he should be paid, is stated to have replied, "Give the knave a groat."

Dr. Russ tells another curious story of a grey which taught a young Amazon (parrot) to talk. When the pupil did not learn his words correctly, the grey would say, "Blockhead!" and turn contemptuously away. Eventually the grey and the Amazon were able to converse. The former would say, "Have you any money?" to which the latter would reply in a doleful voice, "No." Rosa (the grey) would then give the name of the emperor, and Coco (the Amazon) would ejaculate, "Long life to him!"

One grey is related to have mourned for his mistress when she died. It was difficult to induce him to take food. Often, too, he would reawaken the grief of the mourners by asking them, "But where is the lady, then?"

A parrot has been known to live in confinement for twenty years without learning a single word, though it afterwards became an accomplished talker. Moreover, no two birds are exactly alike in temperament. One learns with difficulty, but never forgets; another picks up everything he hears, but remembers nothing for more than a few days. Some few learn readily, and retain what they have learnt. One bird, mentioned by Dr. Russ, began to talk the very day that it arrived, and when it saw breakfast, said, "Bake cakes" and "Give some to the parrot;" while another, also mentioned by him, could not utter its own name until it had been eight months with its owner, when it began to learn something every day. Ultimately it was taught

to repeat verses, and if it made a mistake would say angrily. "You are no good;" but if it got through its task without an error, it would praise itself.

Dr. Greene, who has lately published a book called "Parrots in Captivity," tells of a gray which goes through a long performance in which speaking plays quite a secondary part; but when it is shut up in a coal box, it imitates a postman's knock, and when you say, "Who's there?" distinctly replies, "Open the door for Polly." And, combating Cuvier's opinion that "these imitative and mechanical qualities are not attributed to superior reason or sagacity," Dr. Greene instances the case of a cockatoo which was never known to ask for potatoes except when dinner was on the table, nor to say, "Oh, you're a beauty," but to a child.

HOW TO WORK.

There is an art in working which requires to be learned. Few boys understand it. We observed a boy hoeing potatoes the other day. The first few hills he had done proved that he knew how to hoe potatoes, but the last hills showed that he did not know how to work. He began at the top of his speed, and by the time he had done a dozen hills or so, he began to be tired of the job.

His last hills differed from his first very much at the close of a child's letter differs from the beginning. "My dearest mother!" is written like copperplate; but "your affectionate son" is a mere scribble. He began with his tongue curling out of his mouth in his great desire to write his very best, but by the time he had done telling his mother about the base-ball match yesterday, his hand was tired, his patience gone, and he made short and poor work of his more important news.

Watch a good workman. He is never in a hurry; he never works fast; he seldom gets tired, and when he is tired, he stops. The great art of working is not to go beyond your pace. Every good horse has his pace, and in that pace he will do his ten miles with pleasure, and come in fresh. Urge him beyond his pace, or trot him with alternate fast and slow, he will show signs of fatigue, and end his day exhausted.

One test whether we are working right or wrong is our enjoyment of our work, or our want of enjoyment. The person who is working calmly and doing his best takes pleasure in his work. The merely fast worker becomes fatigued; fatigue induces haste; haste causes mistakes and slighting.

There is a man in New York, who will paint several large landscapes in two days. An artist in oil would require four months to paint one of them, and then he would think it imperfect in many of its qualities and details.

Sleeplessness.

One evening a few weeks ago, says a writer in *Babyhood*, I had an exaggerated form of a very common experience with my baby. He never goes to bed exactly with the setting of the sun, but on the evening in question it seemed as if he had really forgotten how to go to sleep. I did not put him to bed and let him cry himself to sleep, for I have tried that and his crying soon led to such a fit of coughing and choking that I was frightened, and I vowed never to do so again; as 8, 9, 10 o'clock came, the little eyes were wide open. I used all my arts of soothing and persuading, but there he sat and laughed and cooed, and watched the light and the shadows until 11 o'clock came and went and 12 was just at hand. Something must be done, and I could think of nothing, unless possibly a wet cloth on the head might have a soothing effect; at least it would do no harm to try. I took a piece of Canton flannel, large enough when doubled to cover the whole head, and wrung it rather dry out of warm water, then put it closely over baby's head so as to cover both ears and eyes. The effect was wonderful! There was a brief struggle then perfect quiet, and in less than five minutes the little fellow was sound asleep. Since then I have tried it again, and always with the same quick result. It is a simple remedy for sleeplessness and well worth knowing and trying.

Henry County, Georgia, annually spends between \$50,000 and \$75,000, it is estimated, for fertilizers, or about one-fourth of the aggregate value of all the property in the county.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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NOTICE.

Our attendance at the Empire State Convention, unavoidably prevents the appearance of several interesting articles in this week's paper. We will endeavor to make up for the delay, by printing an unusually large amount of news in the JOURNAL of September 3d.

Men of Grit.

The large majority of men do not use a title of the power they possess. Their talents are mostly in a napkin. One of the wealthiest men in Wall street to-day broke down in business a good many years ago. He went into an office where he was well acquainted, and said to a member of the firm that he had no bread for his family. "I am ready to go messages for you, or perform any other service." He hung up his coat and commenced work around the lowest rung of the ladder. Previously this man's check was accepted anywhere on the street. You may be sure such a man gradually mounted up.

Over in Boston a like-minded man fell out. He was without bread, and soon would be without shoes unless he awakened up and stirred his energies. He was a book-keeper, and at one time earned a handsome salary. What did he do? This he did. He took a cotton-hook and went down to the wharf to load and unload cotton at so much an hour. Behold another man with grit. The owners of the cotton and the ship eyed this hero. Soon the decree went forth: Come up higher. He resumed the quill and laid aside the cotton hook. Discouragement never weakened the Boston boy. Whiners, with hanging lips and chicken hearts, who cure their troubles with the bottle or the pistol, are pitiful creatures who should never have been born.—Rev. Robert Collyer.

Our Future Condition.

We are quite certain that what we are cannot be the end of God's design. When I see a block of marble half chiseled with just, perhaps, a hand peeping out from the rock, no man can make me believe that that is what the artist means it should be. And I know I am not what God would have me to be, because I feel yearnings and longings within myself to be infinitely better, infinitely holier and purer than I am now. And so it is with you; you are not what God means you to be; you have only just begun to be what he wants you to be. He will go on with his chisel of affection, using wisdom and the graving-tool to gather, till by and by it shall be like Him, and you shall see him as he is. O what comfort this is for our faith, that from the fact that our vitality, and the fact that God is at work with us, it is clear and true and certain that our later end shall be increased. I do not think that any man yet has ever got an idea what man is to be. We are only the chalk crayon, rough carvings of men; yet when we come to be filled up in eternity we shall be marvelous pictures, and our latter end, indeed, shall be greatly increased.—Spurgeon.

WANTED.

Mrs. Bella C. Lockwood, of Brooklyn, a young deaf-mute widow, who is now summering at Long Branch, wishes to get a situation, as house-keeper and seamstress, in a respectable deaf-mute family. Address Mrs. Bella C. Lockwood, Long Branch Village, N. J.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

M. F. Cheevers, of Troy, N. Y., is visiting friends in Pittsfield, Mass.

Mr. E. W. H. Gibbs, of Easton, attended the Annual Picnic of the deaf-mutes, in Druid Hill Park, last week.

Leonard Bartlett was in Pawtucket during July, visiting friends. He went to the Roger Williams Park, while in Pawtucket.

Oliver F. Baulton, of Pittsfield, Mass., has been ill for several days. His wife has returned from a visit to Brattleboro, Vt. She was absent ten weeks.

Mr. William L. Bilah, of Willimantic, Ct., came to see J. B. Foster, of North Coventry last Saturday evening. He stopped over Sunday and enjoyed a pleasant visit with him.

Mr. Sweeney, of Melrose, was in Tarrytown, N. Y., a couple of weeks since. He and his wife visited Mr. and Mrs. Patterson. Mr. Sweeney returned home, but his wife will remain for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Weston Jenkins are at Island Heights, N. J., where they have been occupying a rented cottage for the season. They returned to Trenton in September. The school will open on September 16th.

Leonard Bartlett, the deaf-mute shoemaker, of East Killingly, Ct., recently made a pair of boots for Joseph Sander, of Rhode Island, of which the following are the dimensions: Length, 14 inches; width at the ball, 5 inches; at the heel, 4 inches; weight, 6½ pounds.

Mr. P. S. Morley and wife, of Bell's Run, Pa., took a long ride in the buggy of her uncle, Mrs. Emma C. Yentzer's husband, to Port Allegany, to make L. H. Kinney, a smart sixteen year old mule, a few hours' visit on the afternoon of the 14th inst., after which they went to Roulette, to make numerous calls on their friends several hours on the 12th inst. He is going back to school at Edgewood, near Pittsburgh, in September.

John McGurty, of Brookfield, O., writes:—"Last Sunday, a deaf-mute named John McGurty, came to our house. He said he came from Germany sixteen months ago. He lives with his brother in Vienna, O., within five miles west of Brookfield, O. He is working in a coal mine. He said he had three deaf-mute sisters in Prussia. He was taught articulation, and said there was no sign-language in Germany. Yet he made signs with me, and also to speaking people. He says words by means of signs in the same way as we spell on fingers and make signs. He explained the methods of articulation, but I could not comprehend them. How he learned to speak with the tongue is a mystery to me. My mother says he can't speak very plainly."

Rev. Frank Reed, an amateur deaf and dumb preacher of Jacksonville, Ill., delivered his regular religious lecture to a fair sized audience of deaf and dumb people at the Y. M. C. A. reading room, yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock. He selected for his subject, "Be sure your sin will find you out," and his arguments in support of this proverb were quite strong, and had considerable influence on the minds of his hearers. His lecture was quite interesting, though his signs were not delivered in such a graceful manner as is characteristic with the deaf. Among the attendants were a number of very vigorous deaf and dumb young ladies, and previous to and after the gospel meeting, a very animated fluttering of fingers was kept up between them and some of the younger mute men present.—Kansas City Times, Aug. 17.

A SILENT PICNIC.

"Come in." That is what the doorkeeper said, or rather signalled, to a Herald reporter yesterday afternoon as he alighted before the entrance of Bay View Park in South Brooklyn. The occasion was the third annual picnic of the Brooklyn Sunday School Association of Deaf-Mutes of the Roman Catholic churches, and it created quite a stir among the fraternity of deaf and dumb people of Brooklyn and this city.

There was a large number of deaf-mutes present, young and old, rich and poor, and in perfect harmony. They seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. Into the large and handsomely decorated pavilion they flocked in numbers, prettily dressed, bright eyed girls and their pleased escorts. The announcement of "Music by Professor Sause" seemed at first a mockery. How could they, to whom all the outside world was a blank but for their eyes, enjoy the thirty well selected pieces on the programme? It seemed as though they caught the rhythm of the enlivening music through some natural instinct. At any rate the dancing was as uniform and perfect as is usually found at such gatherings. They all seemed to have acquired a most remarkable facial control—expressions of pleasure, happiness and enjoyment, as well as an occasional look of dissatisfaction, were plainly expressed and easily understood by the uninitiated. Across the room were flashed invitations from one to the other to the dance and to the refreshment room. Their very fingers seemed to speak, so rapid was the method of conveying thought and so facile its interpretation.

The amusements were continued until a late hour, and the universal combination of the sign words, "What a good time we had and what a success it was."—N. Y. Herald, Aug. 14, '85.

RAILROAD RECORD FOR 1885.

VICTIM NO. 20.

Lewis Gerow, a deaf and dumb boy, was fatally injured by the cars at Waterbury, Ct., last week. He was a pupil at the American Asylum, where he had been for one year. At the time of the accident, his father was in Hartford, and had intended to bring the boy with him. Lewis, however, preferred to stay at home, and the choice cost him his life.

Mr. E. Souweine has been at Long Branch for a few days.

Miss Emma Stephens, of Evansville, is visiting in Princeton, Ind.

Mrs. Greer died last Tuesday, August 17th. She was buried at Tarrytown.

Miss Lizzie Brink has just returned from a short stay in the country.

Messrs. Juhling and Green, of Brooklyn, spent Saturday last at Ocean Grove.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. D. W. George, of Jacksonville, Ill., on the 12th inst., a girl.

Washington Houston, of Philadelphia, was seen at St. Ann's Church, N. Y., on Sunday, August 23d.

Mrs. Henrietta Stacy and Mr. Theodore L. Baker, of Chelsea, Mass., are visiting Temple and West Wilton, N. H.

Mr. Chas. Kerney, who has been visiting his relatives and friends in Evansville, left for Washington, D. C., last week.

Mr. L. N. Soper was observed clinging to the life-line of the West Brighton Beach last Saturday. He was accompanied by a friend.

There are two colored little boys, forty miles south of Jacksonville, Fla., who are seeking admission to the St. Augustine Institution.

Sol. Cornelius' house went to a picnic last Saturday, and the "deacon" spent the day in J. E. J. Trench's studio, admiring the many works of art.

The Brooklyn Sunday School Association, which recently held such a successful picnic at Bay View Park, have decided to hold a grand reception Thanksgiving evening. At least so a person who ought to know says so.

Last Wednesday, the 19th inst., Mrs. Nellie A. Oliver's birthday party took place at her residence, Shawmut St., Chelsea, Mass. She received several valuable presents from her relatives and friends. A nice supper was served. The evening was spent in social conversation.

Mr. Jim Smith, a former pupil of the Ohio School, now a compositor on the Dayton (O.) Daily Democrat, lost his eleven-month-old son, on the night of August 18th, from cholera infantum. Many Daytonians have sympathy for his family. His wife, nee Applegate, was educated at the Indiana School.

Mr. George H. Witschler, of New York, has been visiting his brother, Peter, in Port Jervis, N. Y. And during his sojourn at that place, he picked at Shohola Glen, Pa., and at Millford, Pa. He also visited the Tri-State monument at the junction of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania States. Altogether he had a very enjoyable time.

Miss Annie E. Woodall, of Chester, Pa., has been on the sick list for the last two weeks. She went to see a deaf-mute friend in Upland, and was taken violently ill with cramps. She went home as soon as possible, where she was taken with spasms, and her life was despaired of for two days, but she is in a fair way to good health once more.

Andrew Huth, of Rochester, Pa., a former pupil of the Philadelphia Deaf-Mute Institution and who has been working on the Rochester Daily Argus for the past four years, has been granted permission through the kindness of Mr. A. L. E. Cronter, the principal, to return to school to resume his studies. He will leave for Philadelphia in the early part of September next.

Mrs. Henry C. White, nee Miss Mann's folks were the recipients of a telegram from his Excellency, Governor Hoadly, a near neighbor of theirs, informing them that a position as teacher awaited her at the Columbus Institution, but they telegraphed back that she had been married and gone to Utah with her husband. She was the only deaf teacher among the six hearing ones, recently appointed by Supt. Pratt and the Trustees.

A Deaf-Mute's Deal in Horseflesh.

William D. Bitzer, a deaf-mute, was yesterday committed for the action of the Baltimore county authorities on the charge of stealing a horse valued at \$250 from Mr. James W. Lyon, of Pikeville, Baltimore County. The examination of Bitzer was conducted in writing. His testimony was that he bought the horse from a man named W. M. Bowers, who, however, denied the statement. Bitzer was seen leading the horse through the streets in Baltimore. Finally it was set for \$75 at Parlett's stables to a man named Seibert. Bitzer received the \$75, less ten per cent. commission. The horse was then sold to a farmer in Kent county. Bitzer was arrested some days ago by Detectives Droste and Barranger. Detective Barranger recovered the horse in Kent county.—Baltimore American.

SONNEBORN, LOEW & CO.

This firm is the latest applicant for favors at the hands of dealers in leather, plush, velvet and kindred novelties. The firm is a new one, but the gentlemen composing it have grown gray in the service. Mr. Jacques Loew, the inventive genius of the concern, was for a number of years superintendent of the fancy goods department of the late firm of Henry Levy & Son. The high position gained by that firm as producers of special designs and novelties was due entirely to Mr. Loew, a fact that argues well for the new firm. For the fall trade they are actively engaged on an extensive variety of toilet, odor, manure and combination sets, the majority of which have already been sold. Originality is their watchword and Enterprise their guiding star. With scarcely three months of existence to their credit, they have already been compelled to extend their premises, and yet do not find sufficient room in their new quarters at 496 and 498 Dromoe street. Their manufacture embraces full lines of everything in fancy cases, from the lowest to the very highest style of the art. We commend them to the trade.—Exchange.

NOTICE.

Sign services will be held, God willing, on Sunday, August 30th, as follows: At 11 A.M., in the Chapel of St. Ann's Church, Clinton Street, near Livingston, South Brooklyn; at 3 P.M., in Christ Church, Brooklyn, E. D.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL.

Scranton, Pa.

The deaf-mute community hereabouts had hardly recovered from the shock produced by the news of Katie McDonald's sad death by drowning at Wilkes-Barre, on August 2d, when they were startled by a terrible accident, in which Peter Decker, who is well known to many of the JOURNAL readers, met with serious, and perhaps fatal injuries. In company with several other deaf-mutes he went last Wednesday to pick berries in the neighborhood of Moosic, six miles from here, following the track of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad. When, at a little distance from Moosic, all of the party, except Decker, left the track. The latter kept right on looking neither to the right nor left, and shortly after a train of empty gondolas came rushing down the grade. All attempts to attract the attention of the unfortunate young man were futile, and in a moment he was under the wheels. When rescued, he seemed to have suffered no injury beyond a badly crushed hand and bruised body, but later at the hospital, it was discovered that his back and left leg were broken, and that he was paralyzed from the hips down. His left hand was so terribly mangled that it was necessary to amputate it. He was also severely cut about the head. With such injuries it is almost miraculous that he could live. Through-out the whole terrible ordeal he has retained consciousness, and at last accounts was still alive with bare chances for his recovery. But, in that event, the doctors are of opinion that he will never be able to walk again. His friends are unremitting in their attentions, and his condition is as comfortable as it can be made.

It does not appear that blame attaches to any one in the matter; but it is to be hoped that others here will take warning from their friend's sad fate, and keep off the track. The annual picnic of the North Eastern Pennsylvania Association on Saturday, August 8th, was a decided success in every way. The following account, taken from the Scranton Truth, describes it as well as we could:—

THE DEAF-MUTES' TRIBUTE.

The deaf-mutes enjoyed a pleasant reunion on Saturday at Wahler's Grove. About sixty of them were there, besides several hundred friends. The interest of the day centered in the Grant memorial service held at four o'clock. After a dirge by Cogswell's band, Rev. Mr. Jennings, rector of St. David's church, Hyde Park, delivered a choice address, at the conclusion of which he introduced Mr. J. M. Koehler, President of the Deaf-Mute Association, who made an oration in signs, Mr. Jennings reading the manuscript orally.

Mr. Koehler's address was an eloquent tribute to the memory of Grant. After recounting his life and the illustrious services rendered to the country as Commander of the Army, and President, the speaker concluded as follows:—

The subsequent events of his life—his triumphal tour of the world, and the honors heaped upon him; his retirement to a life of expected quiet and prosperity; the accident that befell him; the deception practiced upon him; the gradual growth of the fell disease to which his magnificent constitution finally succumbed, are as familiar to us as household words. Fond of his achievements, we witnessed with deep emotion his heroic struggle with misfortune and disease. Powerless to aid him, we watched his lonely, sorrowing agony with our hearts. And now—"It is all over. Grant is dead! In union with the common sorrow we mourn his death. But our grief is assuaged by the knowledge of his immortality. 'O Death where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' He has gone down to the grave in peace and honor, unshrunk in the enthusiasm of his fellow men. The nation's heart is in the coffin with him. The requiem country is his requiem. His epitaph: the blended grief of those who were everlastingly engaged in deadly strife. His death commemorates his qualities. The struggle of his early life; the comprehensive resources of his intellect; his rare talents for command and administration; his unpretending simplicity; his honorable poverty, and heroic fortitude—these exalted him above the greatest of his contemporaries.

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

Long may his virtues flourish! Long be his memory blest! So shall his glory shine for aye in the never ending march of ages! It is finished!—

"No further seek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, (There they alike in trembling hope repose) The bosom of his Father and his God."

NOTES.

Mr. J. M. Koehler conducted services on the 9th, at St. Luke's and St. David's Churches, which were well attended.

William Mill, of Shickshinny, is visiting friends in Hyde Park. Miss Kramer of the latter place is spending a few weeks with Miss Lefler at Wilkes-Barre.

Notwithstanding the Governor's veto of the bill appropriating \$48,000 for the Scranton Oral School, Miss Garrett announces that the school will be continued as heretofore, and will re-open in September 1st. It will be sustained by private subscriptions.

Rev. Job Turner writes:—"I stopped off here to-day at noon, merely to make a visit to Henry J. Snyder, a graduate of the Philadelphia Deaf-Mute School, but to my surprise, I learned that he had gone to Tennessee for good. He is living with his brother, Charles Anderson, four miles from Norris-town, Tenn, which news I say for the information of his old classmates and friends. He is nearly seventy-five years old. When I last saw him here, he spoke highly of his principal, Lewis Weld, and called him the most graceful sign-maker that he ever saw. He showed me his old bible, which Mr. Weld presented him, and told me that it has been his daily companion for fifty years. He spoke the truth, as I found the sacred book much used and dirtied. He was a shoemaker by trade, and had to sleep in his shop alone at that time."

Antrim and Nashua News.

Frank Damon went away to Kennebunkport, Me., on August 1st, for one week's vacation, on account of taking stock in the furniture shop. He visited his brother, who is keeping a hotel. While in a Worcester & Nashua Railroad train, he met Mr. Knight, of Worcester, Mass., who was going to Old Orchard Beach on an excursion. After some days Mr. Damon went to Saco, Me., to visit his classmates, but they were on a vacation. He then went to Boston from Portland by steamboat. He was interested in a scene of the "Battle of Gettysburg" in Boston. He had a splendid time.

Edwin H. French and wife went to Antrim, N. H., for one week, and then to Keene to visit their cousins. They met Mr. Chapman and David Ellis, working in a furniture shop. They are in good health, and say they will go to Peterboro next October. They went up to the top of Monadnock Mountain with their brother and cousins, of Troy, N. H., on Thursday of that week. They could see White and Green Mountains and many pretty ponds with a telescope. The mountain is 3,375 feet above the sea, and there is a big white hotel, one and a half miles from the summit.

On August 2d, E. H. French and wife rode to Bennington, passing Mr. Swett's speaking daughter's home. They were surprised to see Willie E. White, Secretary of the New Hampshire Mission, with Mitchell Swett, and talked with them for a short time. Then they rode to North Branch to see Mr. N. Swett and Jas. Wilkins, and went home to New Boston, N. H., on that night.

On August 5th, there was an excursion to Nantasket Beach in Boston. Frank P. Blodgett went.

It is said that Mitchell Swett is going to buy a new bicycle to ride with Willie E. White.

On August 6th, at East Jaffrey, E. H. French went to Sun Shine Pond, with his brother and cousin, and fished for about two and a half hours, hooking sixty-six perch and shiners, and twenty-six pike. In the afternoon they went to Peterboro, and stayed all night at Mr. Wilson's home. He works as a carpenter.

Last week, on Tuesday night, Rev. Mr. Colt of New York, preached to six deaf-mutes at Frank P. Blodgett's home, and the day after, went to Lowell.

Hiram F. Brown went to the Great Land Slide, in Jefferson, N. H., on an excursion.

Last Sunday, Rev. Mr. Rowe came here to preach to eleven deaf-mutes, at Varnum B. Wright's home. The sermon was very good. Mr. Wright and Mr. Mayberry, of Lowell, were there.

Thomas Brown and his son, of Michigan, are going to Waterville, Me., next week, to attend the deaf-mute mission.

There will be a New Hampshire deaf-mute leave next winter.

It is rumored that Mr. Owen, of Hillsboro, is going to be married to a speaking lady, Miss Ellison, next fall.

This week, Elton R. Gay and wife, and daughter, Maud, are gone to Boston to visit their brothers and some relatives.

Varnum B. Wright said that in a few weeks he will probably go to Haverhill, Mass., with his wife and her mother, to visit relatives.

Two Sundays ago, E. H. French and wife rode to James Wilkins' home, and were glad to see his health improving. He is working on his farm. Brother Jonathan.

NASHUA, N. H., Aug. 17, '85.

MARRIED BY SIGNS.

THE NOVEL WEDDING OF TWO DEAF-MUTES, THE CEREMONY BEING PERFORMED BY SIGNS BEFORE SILENT SPECTATORS.

(Kansas City Times, August 17.)

A rather novel wedding took place yesterday morning at eleven o'clock at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Greeley, corner of Elliott and Ninth streets, the contracting parties being totally deaf and dumb, and the ceremony being performed wholly by signs. The groom and bride of the occasion were Mr. Joseph Marksbury and Miss Georgia Pistole, both of this city, and the Rev. Frank Reed, an amateur deaf and dumb preacher of Jacksonville, Ill., officiating. About thirty-five silent couples had assembled by 10:45 A.M. and at 11 A.M. the bride and groom entered the parlor from an adjoining room, where they had been awaiting the hour and event. The bride was attired in a neat-fitting, handsome, pale blue silk of very fashionable cut, and wore white gloves, her hair decorated with fragrant flowers. The groom wore a Prince Albert coat, dark pantaloons and white vest. The minister then proceeded to tie the sacred knot which made them man and wife. During the progress of the ceremony not a sound was heard save the occasional clasp of the minister's hands, when he brought them together. When the minister had finished, and after congratulating the happy couple the guests were invited to a bounteous repast of which all partook. A semi-music wizzard, Mr. Thomas T. Hoggarth, was among those present, and entertained the wedding party by some clever and amusing tricks of sleight of hand. The bride and groom were the recipients of some very valuable and handsome presents, among which were a chamber set and parlor set presented by Mr. Herbert Johnson. Mr. and Mrs. John Paxton, Mr. John J. Dold, Mr. and Mrs. John

Laughlin and Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Greeley; and a handsome silver table set by Mr. Thomas T. Hoggarth.

Mr. Marksbury, the groom, was educated at Fulton, Mo. At the present he is foreman of the wire works on the Twelfth and Oak streets and is prosperous. The bride was educated at Olathe, Kansas, and is a rather handsome and charming young lady. The couple have the respect and esteem of all who know them and they were yesterday the recipients of hearty congratulations and well wishes.

About 2 o'clock P.M. the party and quite a number of children of silence from the country repaired to the Young Men Christian Association reading room, where a religious lecture was delivered in the sign-language by Rev. Frank Reed.

The happy couple left on last evening's train on the bridal tour to Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and expect to be absent a month.

In all probability another deaf and dumb couple will enter the bonds of matrimony September 6th, to whose wedding many of the hearing public will be invited. The ceremony will either be performed in the Episcopal church or the Young Men's Christian Association reading room.

Professor R. T. Thompson and wife, and Professor G. W. Chase and daughter, teachers in the deaf and dumb school at Olathe, were among those in attendance at the wedding.

HIS VERY WAYWARD SON.

EDWARD MAGUIRE'S TRUANT BOY WHO SWINDLED THE DEAF-MUTES.

A brief despatch from Chicago, published yesterday, stated that "Edward McGuire arrived from Denver yesterday (Friday) and went to a saloon on Randolph street, frequented by deaf-mutes. He pretended to be mute and begged money from some mutes who were present. It took them only a moment to find out that McGuire was an impostor, and several of them handed him over to detectives, who locked him up in the Central Station. McGuire claims to be a son of a prominent politician and business man of Brooklyn, N. Y." Appended to the despatch was the information that the Edward McGuire in question was said to be a son of Peter McGuire, a wealthy liquor-dealer, doing business on the corner of Pacific street and Washington ave., Brooklyn. When a World reporter called last evening, he found that the only discrepancy in the information published was that the Peter McGuire spells his name Maguire and not McGuire. The old gentleman was out of town. His son Thomas, when shown the despatch, said:—"That is too bad. Yes, it is undoubtedly my brother Edward, and he has been in Colorado for the past two or three years. He is a wild boy, and has given his family a great deal of trouble. The last we heard of him was three or four weeks ago, when he wrote that he was with a friend named Tierney in Denver, and was doing tolerably well. He is about twenty-eight years old and is unmarried. I never knew him to commit any crime, but he would get drunk, and when in liquor would raise Cain about the house. He would do just such a thing as that despatch attributes to him if in liquor and hard up."

"Why did he leave home and what has he been doing for a living?" Mr. Maguire was asked. He hesitated a moment as though adverse to talking on the subject, and then said:—"I do not know what he has been doing. I guess nothing, except making his living as best he could. But as to his leaving home I think it was not optional on his part. The truth is we could not stand him here and had to get rid of him. Father paid his passage to Colorado. Mother is sick now and all on account of worrying about this boy."

"Will he do anything for him now that he is in trouble?"

"Not much. The truth is he has been travelling since he was seventeen years of age, and ought by this time to know what to expect. Father shipped him on the Minnesota about seven or eight years ago, where he remained for a year and half when he was transferred to the Supply, from which he received a medical discharge about four years ago. He then went to San Francisco, and when he came home was given a ticket for Denver."

"Was on his way home when he brought up to Chicago?"

"I do not know, but I hope not. I tell you what it is, it may be a tough thing to say, but as his brother I am forced to confess that I am not anxious of seeing him home again. I do not think my father will let anything for him, and if he gets into trouble he must get out of it the best way he can. He was well educated and my father is abundantly able to take care of him, if he would behave himself. He never has and I fear he never will. There are six of us children, four boys, including Edward, and two sisters. One of the sisters only is married, and we all live at home. Father has lived here in the Ninth Ward for twenty-five years, and is well-known. He is able to take care of his children and willing to do as long as they behave. Ed is good-natured and smart, but he gets drunk and when drunk he will raise the very old boy. It is too bad, and I wish nothing could be said about it, for his poor old father's and mother's sake. I think it is him, and I fear, if he is in trouble, he will have to get out of it as best he can."—N. Y. World, Aug. 23.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MAXWELL, the murderer of Preller, has been identified in England as Hugh M. Brooks, a lawyer of Hyde.

THE British Bark Haddingtonshire was lost on the Oregon coast. Eighteen out of her crew of twenty perished.

MEYERS, the American champion amateur sprinter, at Rosedale, England, easily and speedily won the five times the mile handicap races. He sails for New York next Saturday on the Servia.

A GIRL, seven years of age, died at Widnes, on the Mersey, on Friday last, of English cholera of the worst type. Widnes is distant from Liverpool, about thirteen miles, and the town has a population of about fifteen thousand.

THE fleet of the Yonkers Yacht Club started on their annual cruise Monday last, Commodore A. J. Prime in command. They will visit the East and will probably stop at Newport and New Bedford, returning in about a week.

SPAIN has already lost 70,000 of her people from cholera this year, and from the present rate of progress of the disease it cannot be doubted that the appalling total of 100,000 will be reached before its ravages are staid. This is more than five times the number of deaths from cholera in France last year.

THROUGHOUT Spain, on the 23d, of August, there were 5,673 new cases of cholera and 1,723 deaths from the disease. Since the beginning of the epidemic there have been 156,077 cases and 61,521 deaths. During the past twelve hours 16 new cases and 6 deaths were reported in this city, and in the province outside the city 118 new cases and 88 deaths.

SUNDAY afternoon several members of the Long Island City Athletic Club were amusing themselves in an open lot on Broadway, Astoria, Charles Steinway, aged eighteen years, residing at Steinway, attempted to pass behind Max Bruger, as he was throwing the heavy hammer. Bruger did not see Steinway and let the hammer go over him striking Steinway in the forehead killing him almost instantly.

The gift of France to America, Liberty Enlightening the World, has started a movement in Defuniak Springs, Fla., to send a return gift of a colossal bronze statue of Washington, the pedestal of which is to show in bas-relief figures of Gens. Grant and Lee and the early French American missionaries. It is proposed to place this American tribute in front of the main entrance to the Pantheon, in Paris, with the permission of the French Government.

ONE of the richest women in Denver is Mrs. Bishop Warren, of whom so much has been written since her marriage with the handsome and gifted Methodist preacher. Many years ago, this lady went to Denver a poor, hard-working sewing girl. Her face was her fortune, for as she bravely plied her trade, she was wooed and won by Biff, a miner, and when he finally died, he left her a fortune of several million dollars. Mrs. Biff was a devout Methodist, and Denver gossips tell that Bishop Simpson sent Bishop Warren to that city on purpose to marry the millionaire widow. Their wedding was a popular one, every Methodist in Denver being invited.

At Denver, Aug. 23d, the Salt Lake express was derailed at 9:10 in the evening and the Leadville express had left at 8:30 on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway. A watchman patrolling the track in the mean time discovered near the limits of the city and about the place where two locomotives have already been derailed, a large pile of dynamite placed upon the track and so arranged that it would certainly have been exploded under the locomotive of the incoming express. The dynamite was taken up carefully and filled the watchman's hat. The amount of dynamite would undoubtedly have blown the train to pieces. The cause of the strike in the Denver and Rio Grande shops.

The small pox epidemic in Montreal continues to rage with a rapid, forward movement. The death of Sir Francis Hincks is followed by the announcement that the disease, which was carried by the Mount Royal of the late Sir Hugh Allen's family, is attacked. The disease appeared in the lodgekeeper's family. There were thirty-two new cases reported to-day, fifteen of them located. The civil hospital was so full that one case was refused, and excursions to the city are being curtailed. The circus cancelled the Montreal engagement, and the railways, hotels and business men have seriously felt the effects of the check to summer travel. Dry goods, boots and shoes and clothing manufacturers are employing to compel vaccination among employees, while the voluntary wish to be vaccinated is so great that one doctor vaccinated sixty persons two hours after the fresh supply of vaccine matter arrived from Boston. The Grand Trunk has ordered all employees to be vaccinated or leave the works. This spirit is extending so generally that before two weeks are past the railways are expected to be stamped out. Some idea of the superstition the vaccinators have to deal with among the French Canadians of the lower classes is shown by the fact that a nurse, who had been engaged

CHICAGO.

Pic-nic.

SPLINTERS.

The long looked for day, set aside for our picnic, at last dawned on the 1st of August. A balmy day, full of sunshine, contrary to all fears of a stormy day. Two chartered cars were engaged to take us to Woodlawn, and before leaving the depot, they were tolerably well filled and more passengers jumped aboard at the various stations along the R. R. line. The attendance was not so monstrous as expected, but sufficiently large to insure its success. There were many notable persons present, and below is a list of a few, as your correspondent did not have the time to ascertain the names of all the other persons. Rev. A. W. Mann, Dr. Gillett, of Jacksonville, Mr. Lynch, a college student.

The games began about one o'clock, and the events and winners were as follows: 100 yards dash, with the following list of competitors:—J. K. Watson, J. O'Neal, C. Morris, W. White, C. Codman, I. Bergler and W. Gibney. Mr. Watson won a sum of money.

Fifty Yards Dash:—Mrs. I. Gibney, Misses A. Lauman, E. Thennis, I. Patten, M. Whalen and C. Gunn. Mrs. Gibney won a fan.

For High jumping, Mr. W. Gibney won a cigar case.

Running jump was won by Mr. Watson. A sum of money was his reward.

The most interesting game was the tug of war, and the sod under the feet of these men was literally plowed. Capt. E. Kingon, C. Morris, Thomas Lynch, I. Gustin, I. Bergler, W. Linahan and I. Wedekind. Capt. C. Codman, W. White, I. O'Neal, Geo. Fraser, Geo. T. Dougherty, P. Jacoby and W. Gibney. Capt. Kingon's gang won a prize of 100 cigars.

Rev. A. W. Mann did not preach on the 2d, as there was only one person in attendance, owing to the heavy rain that was pouring down in torrents all Sunday long.

The funeral procession on the 8th, in memory of our great commander and citizen, was the largest one ever known to the younger generation. The line of march extended for miles. It suddenly rained during the progress of the march, and the streets as far as the eye could reach, were literally covered with umbrellas. The great catafalque was a splendid one, drawn by ten black steeds, draped in mourning, and behind it was led a white charger by a lively man, all saddled but riderless.

On that memorable day, all the business houses and factories were closed, and nearly all of them showed signs of mourning in draperies. Water Street, which is usually full of bustle and life on Saturday, showed a quietude characteristic of that super-solomant hamlet, St. Louis.

Mrs. Reighart, who left a few weeks ago, for her home in New Albany, Ind., has returned to our benighted town, to the great delight of her friends.

Mrs. J. K. Watson returned home from Geneva Lake, Wis., whether she went for the benefit of the health of her little future Belle of Chicago.

The fair young belles and matrons that reigned supremely at our late Reception, have not raised exactly a row, but say (timorously) a mild protest against St. Matthew's long ago reference to their "calico dresses," and propose to have your correspondent clabbed with a three legged broom by their chivalrous gentleman friend, unless he makes reparation. St. Matt. will confess that their dresses were not made of cheap John's calico, but something very costly, and hope the fair young ladies will overlook his dense ignorance as to the names of their dresses and have mercy on him.

Mr. Abbey Koffman, of New York, is in town contemplating the purchase of a house and lot. Wonder what next.

Mr. G. Christensen has recovered from his accident to our great delight, and contrary to his physician's expectations. He is now convalescing rapidly.

Misses Peek, Luttrell and Patten, teachers of the Illinois Institution, are expected to be in town by the 20th, from the White Mountains.

Mr. Wm. Gibney was down with the bilious fever and was saved from being reduced to a skeleton by the tender cares of his sister-in-law. What a blessing to have a sister-in-law.

Mr. Joe. Lampean, an Ohio fellow, who represents the Ohio "idea" of peddling, had a ride a few weeks ago, in the Patrol wagon, with two stalwart policemen as his escorts.

Mr. James Gibney, the other day, fanned the dying embers of a long ago feud between himself and your correspondent, in regard to the word of "misdemeanor," over which he has been brooding till almost on the verge of madness, and made the musty air of his shop blue with threats of having a fight. However, as the proper meaning of that word never could penetrate into his thick brains "St. Matt." thinks a fistie encounter would be a good and effective argument, and asks the gentleman to send up his seconds to make preliminary arrangements.

"St. Matt." makes a suggestion to Mr. Orcutt and "Ohio" to form a combination with Col. Straw for the extermination of all impostors and persons with tendencies towards fraudulence. With Orcutt's mighty and crushing eloquence, "Ohio" throwing up his hands in holy horror, and running after hotel clerks for an interview, and Col. Straw's knack for running off with their baggage would, indeed, be enough to kill the very life out of all impostors. A weekly bulletin of their proceedings would, indeed, be very beautiful to us Western boys. Frauds and impostures are rarely heard of west of Indiana, and it is because we go quietly to work to stop them, while the East discusses it. Such is the difference between theory and practice.

Mr. John Hemlein and Miss Hawes, while strolling along the side of a marsh, about a mile away from our picnic, struck a rich salt mine, and it is to be regretted that they did not call the attention of two distinguished Chicago persons to it. Our chemist could have enlightened the young couple, as to the quality of the salt by the analyzing process, and the corpulent ex-salt dealer would have been very happy to give a few points, as how to deceive their creditors in the briny business.

The following slip is clipped from the Chicago Tribune:—

"LAKE VIEW.

"M. H. Kalter, a deaf-mute, 17 years old, the son of Peter Kalter, who lives at No. 265 Huribut Street, was drowned at the foot of Surf Street, Friday night. The body was recovered, and taken to the Town-Hall, where an inquest was held yesterday, and a verdict of drowning was rendered."

ST. MATTHEW.

Bridgeport, Conn.

After a few pleasant trips to Stamford, Ct., a town about twenty miles below Bridgeport, your correspondent took in this city. Nothing worthy of mention could be got at Stamford, although there were several deaf-mutes, and let it be mentioned that while your correspondent was in the store of a friend of his, he was handed a piece of paper, which bore the following:—

"I am deaf and dumb, out of employment. Please buy a lead pencil for five cents."

The person was a deaf mute by the name of Lewis Vail, and his wares were penny lead pencils. Wishing (and hoping, too), to find him to be an impostor, your correspondent questioned him in the sign-language, and found he was really a deaf-mute, and saw he resided in New York City, and was a book-binder by trade. This same fellow, a well-developed man of about fifty, was in Bridgeport, a few days later. Arriving in Bridgeport, I called on Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, and found them in the best of health. Their children, who go to school at Hartford, were in Portchester for a week, and returned last week, and go to school in the fall. The next day, I called on Mr. Wm. D. Munger, and found him as usual ready to extend your correspondent the most cordial welcome. Then we went to West Stratford, a village a couple of miles east of Bridgeport, and called on Mr. and Mrs. Ford, both deaf-mutes. They live on an elevated site, and the place is one of the coolest in this section of the state in summer. Miss George Loomis, of New York City, is staying with them, and leaves this week, although she expresses the wish of staying longer, but has to go as her mother wants her. Our next visit was to Mr. Thomas Bayless, who graduated from the Hartford School last June. He is a smart and intelligent young fellow, about seventeen, and his framed diploma is the pride of his home.

Your representative was stopping at the Elm House, and one day Mr. Leslie Marshall called on him, and they spent the afternoon pleasantly together. Mr. Marshall says he intends getting work in Portchester soon, and consequently, will send his son to the New York Institution in the fall, instead of at Hartford, as he will then be a resident of New York State. This gentleman for many years had been a steady and industrious employee at the Howe Machine Works, but was "played out," on account of the depression of the trade.

When shall we three meet again—I, Munger, and Marshall? Well, we met at the City Library, and as your correspondent heard that a Miss Weller, and who he was told, was a pretty and charming young lady, lived in Bridgeport, he suggested a call on her. The old man, Marshall, seconded my suggestion, but Munger was slow in agreeing to go, and he suggested West Stratford, but finally we decided to visit Miss Weller. We did, and your correspondent blushed as Mr. Marshall introduced her as "Miss Lizzie Weller" and myself as "Miss ————," but regaining his senses, he changed it into "Mr.," and three hours sped on as swiftly as possible on the part of your correspondent.

Among other deaf-mutes we visited, were Mr. and Mrs. Seaman, *nee* Miss McCann, a former schoolmate of mine. She did not recognize me, until my name was spelt out, and then with a jump, she exclaimed, "Are you the same fellow that was once a little fat cherub at Hartford?" Verily I was the same, and she the same one too, and no mistake, "as years have changed things greatly."

Mr. and Mrs. Nevers live in the same house, and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall on the floor above. We are

sorry to state that Mr. Nevers has been out of work for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Beers, are others among the Bridgeport deaf-mutes, but we failed to see them, but heard that they are enjoying excellent health.

Mr. Fahy, who graduated from the Hartford Institution several years ago, has steady work, and is the most enthusiastic base ball player in Bridgeport, belonging to a base ball club, and devotes all his spare hours to this sportive exercise.

Mr. Martin, a deaf-mute, was in New York to see the tomb of Grant, on Tuesday of last week, and says it was terribly hot in that city.

A little gathering of mutes was noticed on the veranda of the Seaside Park House, a few days ago, a list of those present would employ too much space. The principal feature was the wonderful swimming feats of Wm. Munger in the water. The bottom is sandy, and few stones are there to make one say "a jingo," when he steps on one.

Bridgeport is a large city. It has about thirty deaf-mutes, and as the children of some of the married mutes are of the same affliction, there is certainly going to be an increase, and consequently there ought to be an occasional letter to the JOURNAL from that city. Won't some one please take the hint.

Wm. D. Munger was in New York during the ceremonies over our dead hero.

The child of Mr. and Mrs. Seaman, is a mute, and a bright one it is.

Thomas Bayless is doing odd jobs for a grocery store, but soon expects to find a permanent situation.

The mother of Lizzie Weller died about two years ago, and her father last June, but she gets along as usual, keeping house for her sister, who also had the misfortune of being deprived of her husband a short time ago,—a great misfortune for a single family.

Mr. Popespi passed through Bridgeport. He lives in New Haven.

W. F. Howell and Johnny Ingebrand were coming to Bridgeport last week, but a hunt for them was fruitless, and we heard later on that they changed their plans of coming.

Mr. Muth left this city some time ago, and is now in New Britain.

The Elm House is the best hotel in Bridgeport for low rates, and thus we make this mention for mutes stopping in Bridgeport. It is at 36 John St., near Main, and the proprietor, Mr. Rockefeller, is very kind and polite to the mutes, and his friends of this class are numerous, he once having a deaf-mute employee, of whom he spoke in high terms, and says he always likes the mutes.

Quite lengthy is this article, and a termination is the best thing.

LUPWA.

DEAF-MUTES MARRIED.

(Reading, Pa., Eagle, Aug. 17.)

Clement Parlaman, of Birdsboro, and Miss Louisa E. Shappell, of Shoemakersville, both deaf-mutes, were married by Rev. Oscar D. Miller, of Hamburg. Wm. H. Eakins, of Reading, who is also deaf, assisted in the ceremony and acted as interpreter. Miss Ada Smith acted as bridesmaid, and Shappell, brother of the bride, was groomsmen. They are also deaf-mutes and both from Reading. The following persons witnessed the ceremony: Mr. and Mrs. George Shappell, parents of the bride; John Shappell, grandfather of the bride; Miss Nancy Parlaman, sister of the groom, and Mrs. Emma Mock, of Pottstown; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Eakins, Ada L. Smith, deaf-mutes, all of Reading; Mrs. Susanna Heater, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Maderia, Mrs. Isaac Unger, Charles Shappell and Annie Shappell, brother and sister of the bride; Misses Anna Unger, Annie Becker, all of Shoemakersville; John Sheridan, Mrs. Frank Shappell and Mrs. Miller, of Pottstown. All partook of an excellent dinner and the happy couple were the recipients of numerous gifts, among which were: Two fine silver castors, silver sugar bowl, tea and table spoons, glassware of all kinds, table linens, napkin rings, knives and forks, and other useful articles. About fifty persons were present from Reading and other places. Mr. and Mrs. Parlaman left on an extended wedding trip, and upon their return, will reside in Birdsboro.

Color Blindness.

The prevalence of color blindness is, in round numbers, ten times as great in the male sex as in the female. The facts rest upon the examination of many thousand persons in different countries; and the examinations have not only been conducted by trained scientific observers perfectly familiar with all the sources of error in connection with the subject, but also in such a manner as to exclude the names of colors from consideration. The persons examined have been required to match sample colors by selection from among a great variety of skeins of wool: and only those have been set down as color-blind who commenced by selecting some shade of stone-color or drab as a match for pale green. Further tests would then determine whether the blindness was to red, to green, to violet, or to all three. In England, among Eton boys, 2.16 per cent. were found to be color-blind in some form; and among males of the laboring class the percentage rose to nearly five.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL represents the 38,000 deaf-mutes of the United States. Subscribe for it.

COLORADO.

Variegated Bits.

DOMESTIC INFELICITY

(From our Colorado Correspondent.)

Commencing with our re-appearance, we desire to inform our enemies that we came near "passing in our chips" two weeks ago at Maniton Springs, but with the assistance of a physician, a big horse pump and several friends, we were saved for some one else to die. A dose of lead tried its best to knock us out, but we are still on top, and will be found at our old stand as usual.

The Institution will be opened for the ensuing session on September 2d.

We will see the *Lancet* and *Clinic* six footer later. Take a tumble.

Two mutes of this city will soon start on a fishing and prospecting expedition. They expect to be absent a month—that is, if the wet goods will hold out.

Paul Hubbard is sticking types on the *Daily Reporter*. Previous to his parent's removal to Denver, he was educated at Olathe, Kansas.

"Pany" is informed that the name of Phillips Lansdale Fox does not appear in the Denver Directory. Besides, we have no time to monkey around and hunt him up—well, good bye.

Assistant Matron McMahon is a visitor in this city, and will remain for at least two weeks.

In acknowledging the courtesies of our fellow-correspondents, we think that to the incomparable scribe of Chicago, we owe especial thanks for his "eloquent tribute" to our aspiring "genius." Praise from "St. Matthew" is praise indeed!

Charley Kelly was the proud recipient of a brand new girl baby on the 10th inst. Charlie has our warmest sym—congratulations. No more nights out now, he has a full hand at home.

What is up with the *Agricultural Weekly*? We haven't received a single number for many past weeks. Without it we are lost.

Miss Lizzie E. McMillen, one of Kansas' prettiest mute ladies, accompanied by her parents, is sojourning at Maniton Springs. She finds Colorado one of the most attractive countries in the United States, and its climatic one of invigoration. Before returning home, they will all come up this way and spend a few days.

Mrs. Kate Mount and her daughter, a wee, winsome child, are at home here from Idaho. Mrs. Mount looks remarkably well, but does not seem to be captivated with that wilderness.

Elmer E. Ayers has left for Leadville where he has accepted a situation as a poker dealer at Wyman's noted sporting house. Mr. Wyman is to be congratulated, as Elmer is considered one of the slickest gamblers in the west. Besides, Elmer has a heart as big as a ripe watermelon and always gives away his spare cash to the needy people.

The report that we are about to join the Order of Benedicts is a fib. If the author, "Vox Populi" can escape from spontaneous combustion and dodge the cholera, he will be as great a journalistic paralyzer as the *Index* warbler.

The high grade ore recently encountered in Simmons & Co.'s mine still holds good. Assays of over \$500 have been had. It would now be in order for the Kennedy folks to get on the fence, and discuss Jack's deserved good luck.

Quite an amusing incident occurred on the glorious Fourth. One of our liveliest fellows, who had engaged a popular young lady to attend a ball, after working hard all day at the *News* office, lay down to rest after supper to be refreshed for the ball, but weariness called him to sleep soundly until nearly midnight. Imagine his predicament when waking. He has sent a note, begging an opportunity to explain, but no reply. But imagine the beautiful young lady dressed in exquisite white, waiting for her escort, and lamenting over man's inhumanity to woman. For further information, inquire of Mr. A. J. Lamoreaux.

J. H. Purvis is the happy owner of a garbage cart at the Springs now-a-days. Congratulations, Jim.

B. B. Baird, the needle peddler of Milwaukee, Wis., has turned up again. We have been warned by him that he will kill us on sight, if we attack his reputation again. We are not familiar with Baird's general reputation, but it strikes us that he is carrying entirely too heavy a stock of it for Western purposes.

It is strongly rumored that Louis Huff has found a belle of Kansas City, who has consented to become Mrs. Huff, and that the formalities will occur this coming fall. P. S.—Louis, remember the confiding landlady on Stout Street, when you distribute that huge cake.

Master Hugh Harbert has been to Montrose on urgent business—in his mind.

George Bond, formerly of Ohio, is now employed on the *Daily Times* at Aspen, and gets forty-five cents per 1000 ems. That he is a printer of acknowledged excellence, there is no question.

Mr. John W. Benton, of Silverton, favored us with a brief but pleasant visit yesterday. The Bridal Veil is a bonanza in all the term implies, and John can stand up under a great load of prosperity.

The following article has been handed to us by a prominent mute of this state, with a request to have it published. There is considerable in it for the refined scholar of Western Pennsylvania to chew, swallow and digest:—

"During the past seven years, Colorado has been blessed with deaf-mute peddlers, or more properly called beggars. Every Institution in the Union has sent forth her representatives—not one excepted. The dead heads of the slums of other states are in the habit of packing their handbags with old worthless trash and coming out here to peddle the same. They strike the hardy miner, whose pockets are ever open to afflicted and needy, and, who, through sympathy and pity, give them the price they ask and throw the worthless trash away. We protest against this practice, for it not only robs the promising young mutes of Colorado of the respect and esteem of the public, but also reflects dishonor upon the whole silent population of the country. We have stood it for seven long years and now we believe the next peddlers who turn up at this place will be treated to the tender mercies of a tar and feathers, which will be a just climax to the honorable (?) business of begging. Safe?"

Personal—John, of St. Louis —, Letter received. So would we. Send proper address.

Tom Warren was, last week, arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct and sentenced to ten days' imprisonment in the city jail. It does not pay to get drunk. It is a bad practice, ruinous to health, happiness and business.

Last Monday, a semi-mute wife of Chauncey Berry, a speaking man, arrived at Littleton. She came all the way from Ogden, Utah, by rail, to find her husband and get possession of her child; a girl between five and six years of age. There an inquiry disclosed the fact that Chauncey had again married and gone to live at Whitewater, near the Utah line. Mrs. Berry is now in Denver, and her case is in the hands of able counsel, and before this article is inserted in the JOURNAL, Berry will be asked to file an answer to some very damaging charges. It is the same old story of domestic infelicity; the wife claiming non-support on the part of the husband, an agreement to disagree, and a separation. If the charges made are borne out by facts, the fur is liable to fly in that town before the waning of many moons, and Chauncey Berry will find himself in the position of the coon—up a tree.

The outside world have at last discovered that Denver is the most beautiful and richest city in America, and also that Colorado has the grandest scenery in the whole world. The arrivals this summer average fifty per day. Capitalists, tourists and refugees from Chicago. Poor Chicago!

The *Silent Nation*, of Toronto, Canada, will have no excuse other than a lively, spicy edition all the time. The concern affords a variety of talent, and the boys have our well-wishes for unlimited success.

SOLID MULDON.

DENVER, Col., 8-16-'85.

Excursion of the Cleric Literary Association to Woodland Beach, August 20th, 1885.

Whoop-whoo-o-o-o whoop sounded the Clyde's whistle at precisely 8:15 on Thursday morning, the signal of the steamer's readiness to start on its regular trip to Woodland Beach, sixty miles down the historic Delaware.

The "Thomas Clyde" is a two-deck iron steamer, whose appearance strikes us as handsome and new, though, on inquiry to Captain Keybold, it was ascertained that the vessel is plying the river in its seventh year. It is licensed to carry 1,500 passengers. Next to the "Republic," it is the largest and finest excursion boat on the Delaware River. With music on board to charm its passengers, plenty of refreshments to gratify the "inner man," and every convenience for the safety and comfort of the excursionists, the Clyde is not a little popular with pleasure-seekers on the river. There was a good sprinkling of deaf-mutes on the steamer on the day mentioned, it being the occasion of the Eighth Annual Excursion of the Cleric Literary Association to Woodland Beach. However, the attendance, we regret to say, was not as large as had been expected. One of the chief causes of this is attributed to the terrible explosion of the steamer "Samuel M. Felton," only three days before, and not far from the Clyde's pier, which produced fear among the mutes, principally the ladies, and thus many were kept back. Indeed, one of the ladies, who went along, told us that her mother reluctantly gave her permission to go, on account of fears which she entertained from the Felton incident. At all events, the C. L. A. netted a profit of, at least a dollar, a sum which, though small, will be welcomed with as much delight in the treasury as a *billet doux* is by the happy recipient.

For a while the frightful accident to the steamer "Felton" was the principal topic among the silent excursionists. There was no fear of another cyclone, for "old Sol" shone too bright to admit of such an expectation. With some the death of the venerable James J. Barclay, philanthropist and friend of the deaf and dumb, formed the subject of talk for a brief time. Some more rendered choice selections from the good old times spent by them, and still others took pleasure in watching the steam-er ply the river and viewing the surrounding scenery. After the elapse of about an hour, the inactivity that till then had prevailed with social

intercourse, was superseded by a lively time from the introduction of the game known as the Dutch concert. Following this, other games were played, and a good time spent generally. At 12:45 p.m. the destination was reached. There is a beautiful grove about five minutes' walk from the shore. To this the lovers of shade bent their way. It is, indeed, a most beautiful place, and admirably adapted for picnics. As only three hours were given on the beach, the mutes seemed decided to make the best of it.

The old time game of Copenhagen was partially indulged in, and highly enjoyed. A certain young mute lady whose name begins with an M. and ends with an S., prove to be very difficult to overtake, the game being played without a rope. A kiss from her was, therefore, regarded as a prize, and it was ambitiously competed for. It was surprising how many "six footers" failed to catch the prize, she being much less their size. Let the reader himself imagine how much merriment such a competition might have caused. Mr. William Lee is the only one who boasts of having won the prize; however, the lady confutes him by saying that he only kissed her forehead. Those who remained by the water's edge passed the time in boating, bathing and promenading about. At three p.m., the homeward trip was begun. Some of the games of the morning were resumed, and new ones introduced and a delightful time was had until the arrival home.

TITLE - TATTLE.

A number of mutes are unanimously of the excursion to Woodland Beach surpassed that to Neshaminy Falls, last July; in point of pleasure.

The happiest couple that joined our gay circle, no doubt, were Mr. and Mrs. Parlaman (*nee* Miss Shappell), of Reading, Pa.

Mr. W. H. Lipsett displayed a Mount Vernon cane. It was regarded as a curiosity and Messrs. Harrison, Slifer, McDonnell, and Reider deemed a touch of it an honor.

Mr. Harrison begged us to give his respects to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, the New York Sun, World, Tribune, etc.

Bachelor Bob was nowhere to be seen.

Miss Stuart, of Wilmington, Del., who is visiting her friend, Miss Kintzel in this city, attended the excursion.

A large, glittering stud, which Mr. Geo. Slifer wore in a conspicuous place on his shirt bosom, was commented upon as a Boss Tweed diamond.

The first grand, annual excursion of the E. A. B. Frederick Club of Western Pennsylvania to Augustine Pier, took place on the same day and by the same steamer. Another society had an excursion to Penns Grove, Woodland Beach is the terminating point of the Clyde line.

Miss Bertha Manns and Maggie McGinnis were charming belles.

Miss Liebrandt exhibited a beautiful bouquet at her waist.

The tickets contained the single hand alphabet, engraved by Mr. Cullingworth, on one side.

"Col." Moroney attended the excursion, and appeared to have enjoyed it.

Miss McGinnis said she did not care if any one doubts that she enjoyed the excursion to the beach more than that to Neshaminy Falls.

Mr. Chas. Sharrar declined to play Copenhagen, on the ground that he did not consider himself sweet (?) enough.

Eddy Wilson, W. H. Lipsett, W. Harrison and a few others, passed the time at the beach in boating on the bay. Probably they enjoyed the four hours' ride on the steamer and then wished to continue it themselves.

"Col." Moroney stated that he visited New York last Saturday, and attended services at St. Ann's, also that he was disappointed in not meeting any of his friends, as he had expected.

The Committee of Arrangements, consisting of Messrs. Cullingworth, Sharrar and McDonnell, deserve great credit for the success of the excursion.

Who is wrong? The Rhode Island correspondent stated that Fred Hewitt, of Philadelphia, was seen begging in Providence last Friday, meaning the 14th inst. On the same day we saw him on Thirteenth St., this city, dressed in stylish clothes. We can further say that he is at present at the Presbyterian Hospital, under treatment for an injured hand.

Mr. R. Zeigler goes to New York this evening. He will attend the Albany Convention.

LITTLE REP.

PHILA., Aug. 22, '85.

Notice.

Deaf-Mutes, of Saratoga and vicinity, are invited to meet Rev. Dr. Galaudet at Bethesda Church on the 13th Sunday after Trinity, August 30th, for a sign-service in the vestry room at 3 p.m., and for a combined service in the church at 8 p.m.

A New Paper Weight.

"That's a rather unique-looking paper-weight you have there," said Alpha, indicating a curiously shaped article lying on the table of his friend Omega.

"Yes," said the latter, picking up the object and eyeing it critically. "You know they have begun to teach cooking in the public schools, and this is a dough-nut baked by my sister, Cleo, after taking only six lessons in domestic art. As a paper-weight I regard it as an overwhelming success."—*Drake's Magazine*.

FANWOOD.

The Peet Memorial Fund not Dead

But Sleeping.

VACATION NEARING ITS END.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

It is gratifying to know that the Peet Memorial Fund will again be brought before public notice. Papers to be read before the convention of the Empire State mutes, will contain passages which can not fail to stimulate the conscientious deaf-mutes of the Empire State to a realization of their duty of aiding the Memorial along to its end. The several hundred dollars already in the hands of the treasurer, is due in most part to the untiring efforts of the Peet Literary Society, an organization composed of intelligent young men of the High Class of the Institution, and to the Manhattan and the Catholic Literary Societies. Aside from these, contributions to the fund from mutes, individually, have been apparently little. If they have not been directly benefited by Harvey Prindle Peet's labors, they have been indirectly, and is it not a symbolic representation of their gratitude to rear a monument to his memory?

The Empire State, which is the foremost in the Union, and also in its number of deaf-mutes, should be the quickest to respond to whatever call which may tend to reflect on their credit. As the treasurer of the Fund, Prof. William G. Jones, is to be at the convention, we hope dimes and dollars will fill up his pockets so fast that he will have to get a regiment to guard him home. There need be no fear of his going to "Montreal," as the Fund will be watched by the eyes of thousands of deaf mutes.

NOTES.

Johnny O'Brien's young brother came to see him Wednesday of last week.

Supervisor Emmons captured a humming bird some time ago.

Mr. Wetteroth is the name of a deaf-mute living on Washington Heights. He seems quite fascinated with the carpenter shop, as he is occasionally seen there.

Firemen Beatty and Hines have gone on a vacation. J. Cotter performs their duties in a satisfactory way.

Miss Annie E. Austin is visiting her cousins in Peekskill, N. Y.

Agnes Craig and Martha Hasty went on a pleasure trip to Glen Island, with the father of the latter, on the 20th inst.

George H. Peet, son of the Principal, is studying hard in his father's office.

The colored barber in the village can talk on his fingers.

Mosquitoes are invading the Institution.

New stairs have been put up for the convenience of those crossing the new road to and from the village.

A new fence across the usual entrance to the Institution grounds at Saul's saloon, obstructs all passage hereafter. Another way will have to be effected.

The new barn is under the bright glow of white paint.

The shops are daily creaking under the strain of the screws underneath. It is being raised at the rate of an inch every day. The contractor thinks that about four weeks more will be required to complete the work.

Muscular rivalry in putting the shot is occupying the attention of boys. Supervisor Emmons can throw it the farthest.

Wm. H. Rose and Richard

VIRGINIA.

CONCORD, CAMPBELL CO., VA. 1
Friday, August 7, '85.

My DEAR MR. HODGSON:—I am spending a few days rest on Mr. Chamberlayne's farm, about seven miles from the spot where the war was practically put to an end.

Then the pear tree under which the peace was made, was cut down to the ground by the Federal soldiers, so that the stump could not be seen. The tree was split into pieces for relics. It was therefore all gone.

A great pity it is that it should have been all destroyed. During my Mexican journey, I saw near Mexico City, the ancient oak with long branches, under which Cortez wept over his defeat by the Indians. The Mexicans still hold the tree in great veneration by keeping an iron fence round its trunk.

They have cool breezes here, while it is awful hot in New York and other cities.

There was a service for deaf-mutes near this place, which excited the interest in Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlayne's welfare felt by their more fortunate neighbors, some of whom cannot only spell, but also make signs. After service, I was introduced to a blind gentleman, once a member of the Virginia Institution, and we both talked with each other by sense of touch, to the wonder of the bystanders.

Four miles from here resides Mr. Johnston, once known as the deaf-mute druggist, who has got another child. He is doing well.

Two deaf and dumb brothers, named Martin and Anthony Hancock once lived in this neighborhood, but are both gone to another world. They attended school at Hartford, when they were quite old. I will tell you what made them know that there was a deaf-mute school at Hartford, which caused their desire to go thither to get an education.

They had another deaf and dumb brother, named John, older than themselves, who was taught by Braidwood near Richmond, before the opening of the Hartford School. The Braidwood School was unfortunately broken up by ardent spirits. I will relate an anecdote of Braidwood.

A lady sent him a note, inviting him to take tea with her, which invitation he accepted. After dressing himself for that occasion, he got upon his horse while he was under the influence of liquor, and while crossing the horse which ran back to his old crib. The drunken man lay some time in the water, and got out, perfectly wet to the skin. The lady waited for him a long time, but he did not put in an appearance. So she sent a colored girl to see if any accident had occurred to him over the river. She saw him, and he told her to say to the lady that he could not meet the invitation on account of his clothes being drenched. The girl grinned at him, and got back.

John, spoken of, married a speaking lady and died in a year. His son removed to Illinois, quite full grown, and is said to have a large circle of children, all respectable.

A clock peddler from Connecticut, stopped at Mr. Hancock's house for some days, ostensibly for the purpose of selling his ready made clocks in the surrounding country. He could talk with those two brothers by signs without any difficulty, in which way he told them that he had often conversed with educated mutes in the silent language, and that there was a good deaf-mute asylum at Hartford, Ct., some miles from his home. I believe, Bristol, for it was, then, the only place celebrated all over the country for the manufacture of clocks.

This intelligence excited their eagerness for an education, and then they gave their father to understand that they had a strong desire to go to Old Hartford. Afterwards the father met that great man, John Randolph, of Roanoke, and acquainted him with their wish, but the latter gentleman told him that he did not approve of their being sent to school, had advised him to make them work on the farm or learn some trade, not only because he did not deem it necessary for deaf-mutes to get any education, but also because he once had a voiceless nephew named St. George Tucker who, for some time after having acquired a very good education, became insane by the refusal of a speaking lady to marry him. This enraged his uncle, because he had intended to present to him all his property after the knot, of which he was in favor. It was what caused him to think it best for mutes to work hard, not to get crazy. What a queer thought he must have had.

His advice to Mr. Hancock gave rise to the hatred, which Martin and Anthony felt towards him, and which they retained till they died. They often communicated to Mr. Chamberlayne the inexpressible contempt in which they held his memory. They told their father that they must go to the school, not only to learn to read and write, but also to know how to do figures without which they said they could not make a living.

So he drove them to Richmond, Va., in his wagon, there being no railroads in this part of the country at that time. The deaf-mute gentlemen went thence to New York City by water, and thence to Hartford by stage. They were cheerfully received by the elder Thomas H. Gallaudet, in their somewhat advanced ages.

During their pupillage at the Asylum, the same clock peddler often

visited them in return for the kind treatment which he received at the hands of their father while in Virginia. He gave them a standing invitation to come to his house, which they afterwards did, and he and his wife kindly entertained them, which pleased them. He often advanced to them what they needed in the shape of funds, to be repaid by their father, which was promptly done.

After the completion of their education, they returned home, after which they received a present each from their father, Anthony, one in the shape of a farm, and Martin the other in that of good income and six valuable wagon horses with which to run a large plantation wagon between their residence and Richmond. Martin took pride in the fat horses, and hauled a great deal of merchandise between those places, with the assistance of his only colored servant and cook.

Anthony lived and worked on his fine farm, as I have told you. He kept an "entertainment." In the south, they are the words "entertainments" instead of "taverns" in the country. He was united in wedlock to a speaking lady, who presented him with four speaking children—three sons and one daughter. Two of the sons were killed in battle, and the other died of sickness a few years ago. The daughter resides on the farm, which she inherited from Anthony, after he was laid to rest. She has four daughters, as fortunate as herself.

I have been feasting on an excellent ham, which my host, Mr. Chamberlayne, cured three years ago. It tasted very good, as if it was dressed a little while ago.

I must not omit to say that his deaf-mute brother, Edward, now deceased, showed his gratitude to the late Lewis Weld, principal of the American Asylum by presenting him with a large well-cured ham, which he had kept in his smoke house in Virginia for five years. It was during the ceremony of presenting the silver pitchers to Gallaudet and Clerc. His grandfather, after whom he was named, built, at his own expense, an Episcopal church, called St. Peter's Church, in New Kent Co., Va., before the Revolutionary War. It is the church, in which Gen. Washington

and his lady were married. I may one day officiate within the walls of that holy temple. There is quite a number of ancient Episcopal churches in Old Eastern Virginia, some of which have not been used for many years, and cannot be used at all, on account of their being in ruins.

The gentleman alluded to, told his wife that he was going to England on business for three or four months, and that she must manage his extensive plantation for him during his absence beyond the blue sea. While he was away, he was nominated for the Assembly of Burgesses, now called the Legislature of Virginia. His noble wife consented to electioneer for him, which she did with the eloquence of a true statesman. To her great joy, he was elected, and on his return home he applauded her for her successful canvass.

One of Mr. Chamberlayne's four sons, named Thomas Gallaudet, is a very good hand to catch opossums. Many years ago, on a Saturday night, I bought a very fat opossum of a colored man, and locked it up in my dining room for the night, for the purpose of killing it for dinner the next morning, but to my disappointment I found that it had disappeared. How it escaped, is still a mystery to me.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlayne had the great misfortune to lose their very sweet and bright child last March. I had the pleasure of baptizing him by the name of John Stewart, a few months before.

I leave here for Eastern Virginia tomorrow, to hold two services, one in an ancient Episcopal church next Sunday morning, and the other in another church, at night.

Very sincerely your friend,
JOE TURNER.

Sudden Death.

Mrs. Philenia Emerson David, wife of John O. David, of this town, died of heart disease, on Monday night, at the age of sixty-eight years and nine months. Mrs. David was a native of Corydon, this State, and ever since her marriage to Mr. David has been a resident here. She joined the Baptist church here in early life and has since been an esteemed and conscientious member. She was a devoted wife and mother, a true help-meet, and a good neighbor. Skillful with the needle and industrious, she was always ready to lend her art to aid charitable and benevolent enterprises. Although she lost her speech and hearing in early life by sickness, yet this misfortune did not discourage her from seeking an education, and she entered the asylum at Hartford, Ct., devoted to the instruction of mutes. Though delegated to live a silent life, yet she always carried a smile and wore a cheerful countenance intelligent, and divining one's thoughts by intuition, it was always pleasant to hold communion with her. She was widely known by mutes throughout the State, among whom she will be deeply mourned, as well as by her more immediate friends and neighbors. She leaves her husband, who is deeply stricken with his great bereavement, a son and daughter, John G. David, of Boston, and Lucy E., wife of Wm. B. Clark, Esq., of Minneapolis, Minn.—*The Farmer's Cabinet*, Amherst, N. H.

Secretary Robert Tilden Bailey spent several days at Trenton, N. J. Whilst there he called on his old classmates, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gallaudet.

John Patrick Cotter had a valuable watch stolen from him two weeks ago. Messrs. James Bradley and Frank C. Lenox, of this city, spent Sunday visiting friends at Northfield.

Ex-Treasurer Wm. S. Ersinger, of Newark, has been boarding several days on the farm of Mr. John Bennett.

Mr. R. T. Bailey was seen going about town with a black eye that he received in contact with a base ball.

Miss Mary Somers is expected home in a few days from her visit at New Brunswick.

The Finn sisters report they had a good time on the excursion to Iona Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hansome, of Chicago, are visiting their aunt at Milburn, N. J.

Peter Kinney and Charles Jastram were about town last week, visiting their mute friends.

The circus was in town last Saturday. Nearly all the mutes were in attendance. Frank Lenox amused himself by feeding monkeys with peanuts.

What has become of "Hypo"? Has he taken refuge from the New Jersey mosquitoes?

Patrick Ford, of Montclair, went on a clam bake to Swinfield Bridge last Friday.

John Jacobs is again peddling about town.

"Pansy" is thinking of visiting St. Louis next winter.

Mr. James Bradley expects to work on a farm at Northfield for Mr. Edwards.

Miss Minnie R. Blanrock is now working at hat trimming in one of the largest shops in town.

There is a religious service held at Riegelsville every two weeks for deaf-mutes, at the Dutch Church.

PANSY.

Aug. 17, '85.

GEORGIA.

Messrs. Fisher, Hoge and Johnson, returned from a long town in Florida last week. They visited the principal towns and counties, and stated they had a pleasant trip.

Messrs. C. C. Newmann and G. W. Klein, ex-pupils of the Ohio Institution, went to Jacksonville, Fla. two weeks ago, and tried to get work, but in vain, and returned to Atlanta.

Mr. W. B. Lathrop, former student of the National Deaf-Mute College, moved to Livingston twelve miles from Cavespring, to benefit his wife's health.

A party of twelve deaf-mutes met and became acquainted with Mr. Dandon, the celebrated mute pitcher of the Atlanta baseball team at the Kimball House, three weeks ago.

Grant and Strong.

Mr. Editor:—Having seen in your JOURNAL, an account of the silent excursion to Nantasket, Mass., under the excellent management of Geo. A. Holmes, I would like to say a little about Grant and Strong families.

Matthew Grant, the lineal ancestor of Gen. U. S. Grant, landed at Nantasket, Mass., in 1630, from England, in the packetship "Mary and John," in company with elder John Strong, my lineal ancestor. They founded Dorchester and Bingham, Mass. Afterwards they settled at Windsor, Conn., not far above Hartford, and built log houses in 1647.

Grant and Strong are of English Puritan stock.

Yours truly,
C. K. W. Strong.

NOTICE.

The Brooklyn Sunday School was closed last Sunday, to re-open Sunday, September 6.

Annual Basket Picnic

OF THE
DEAF-MUTES
OF
LYCOMING & NEIGHBORING COUNTIES.

TO BE HELD AT
RANSOM'S ISLAND
three miles down the river from
Williamsport, Penn.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, '85.

GRAND FAMILY LEGERDEMAIN
WILL BE EXHIBITED BY
MR. CHAS. B. FISHER.

Steamer "Lizzie" leaves the foot of Market Street bridge at 9 and 11 A.M., and returning leaves at 6 P.M.

Only 15 Cents for Round Trip.

Committee on Arrangements.
W. W. SWARTZ, Chairman,
P. J. LEONARD, J. N. EPLER,
C. W. LONGENBERGER.

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FOR THE DEAF!

The Gallaudet PRIZE ALPHABET CARD

We take pleasure in announcing the publication of a memento of Deaf-Mute Education in the United States, which will at once commend itself to all interested in that subject. It consists of a card, 64x91 inches, beautifully executed in

Eleven Colors and in Gold.

The design shows, among other interesting subjects: a portrait of

REV. THOS. GALLAUDET

founder of the first school for the Deaf in America; a view of

THE HARTFORD SCHOOL

AND

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE,

at Washington, D. C. Surrounding these accurate views is

THE MANUAL ALPHABET.

superbly illustrated in natural colors. In the centre is an

Exquisite Bouquet of Roses and Violets,

and a blank space for the insertion of a name. Nothing of the kind has ever been offered to the public, nor has anything at once so beautiful and so useful ever been sold for the trifling sum asked for these cards.

OPINIONS OF IMPARTIAL CRITICS.

From The National College.

E. M. GALLAUDET, PH.D., LL.D., the President of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., says: "The design is a pleasing one and the combination of colors very good."

FROM THE EDITOR OF "THE ANNALS."

PROP. E. A. FAX, of the National College, writes: "I have looked at the card you sent Dr. Gallaudet, and think it is in very good taste. The combination of colors is harmonious and the general effect is pleasing."

PROP. HITCHCOCK, of the National College, gives his opinion of the design, thus: "If you will only supply the irrepressible class of deaf-mute peddlers with it, in place of the worthless pictures they now sell at exorbitant prices, you will deserve to be crowned a public benefactor."

From The Hartford School.

MR. JON WILLIAMS, Principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf ("dear old Hartford"), says: "I think the cards are neat and tasteful. * * * Your idea of a memento of this nature for those who are accustomed to give prizes is a good one, and you have carried it out well."

The Philadelphia Institute.

MR. JOSHUA FOSTER, ex-Principal of the Penn. Inst. for the Deaf, writes: "I do not think that my judgement in regard to work of an artistic nature is worth much, but my opinion as to the merits of this card is certainly favorable."

PRINCIPAL A. L. E. CROCHER, thus speaks of the work: "I consider your card the best of the kind. I have ever seen. Every deaf child should have one, and all persons desirous of learning the manual alphabet should hasten to become the possessors of one or more of them. I predict a great demand for your card, and congratulate you upon the taste and skill with which it has been prepared."

The Ohio Institution.

PRINCIPAL PRATT says: "I am pleased with it, and should think it would find a ready sale. * * * Nicely framed, it seems to me that all who go from the institutions would like to have it."

REV. THOS. GALLAUDET writes: "Your 'Gallaudet Prize Card' is the most beautiful and satisfactory production of its kind I have ever seen. I trust it will come into general use throughout the country."

The Pennsylvania Association.

REV. HENRY W. SVILE, Pastor of the Deaf-Mute Parish in Philadelphia, and President of the Pennsylvania State Association for the Deaf, writes: "The card you have designed forms an elegant epitome of the progress of the education of the Deaf in America from its origin at Hartford, under the first Gallaudet, to its culmination in the college, under his youthful son. The design is graceful, and the coloring remarkably delicate and harmonious. It would form a pleasing memento for any one benefited by or interested in such education."

The New England Association.

PIERCE JOHN T. TILLINGHAM, of the New England Gallaudet Association, speaks in his mind, thus: "I am very much pleased with the card. The alphabet is the best I have ever seen."

Space will not allow us to enumerate more of the many good opinions we have of the card. Send 35 cents for two samples (neatly packed and postage prepared), and judge for yourself.

This is to Certify that H. P. ARMS & CO. have Addressed and Mailed 15,000 or more Copies of this Advertisement to the Deaf-Mutes throughout the United States and Canada.

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Grand Hall, Myrtle Avenue, bet. Bridge and Dufrill Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Jahring, Pres.; Edward McConville, First Vice-President; Jacob Swartz, Second Vice-President; Charles L. Green, Secretary; S. B. Smith, Treasurer; S. B. Smith, Sergeant-at-Arms. Secretary's address is 63 Lee Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco, Cal. Officers: President, Vice-President, Martin Aronson; Corresponding Secretary, S. Schlamm, and Recording Secretary, Wm. Winslow. Divine services, first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the Catholic Building, 210 West 12th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Regular and ad hoc meetings, cordially invited. J. Francis O'Brien, President. All communications should be addressed to W. J. Kelly, Corresponding Secretary, 174 Cherry Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets every Friday, 192 W. Fifth Street, at 8 P.M. and third Saturday in each month, at 8:00 P.M. J. H. Vance, 201 W. Seventh St., Cincinnati, Ohio, President; Phil Thimmes, Lick Run, Cincinnati, Secretary.

CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Saints' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the Parish Building (2nd story), of St. Stephen's P. E. Church, 10th St. above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of October, and 1st March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement, and social enjoyment of the members. Chas. H. Slarke is President, and Daniel Paul, Jr., is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1026 East Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the deaf-mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almos Smith, Treasurer, and Willie E. White, Secretary. Rev. Samuel Rowe, of West Boylston, Mass., is the missionary appointed by this mission to preach the Gospel to deaf-mutes in this State for the present.

PASA-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pasa-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, "Pasa-Pas—step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The great demand for improvement and moral amusement is as follows: President, Geo. T. Dougherty; Vice-President, Chas. Angell; Secretary, C. Colby; Treasurer, Charles Watson. Address President or Secretary Pasa-Pas Club, c/o Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 14th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally to improve the moral and literary attainments of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be addressed by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, W. T. Campbell; Vice-President, J. T. Howe; Treasurer, Hugh Lamb; Secretary, William Stafford; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry McManley. Address, President or Secretary at 1227 Clark St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their designs; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are: E. W. Frisbee, President; A. W. Orent, Secretary; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee. Secretary's Address, 36 Charleston St., Boston, Mass.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. Its object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Chas. J. Le Clercq, No. 336 West 41st Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association, of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now organized by John T. Tillingham, New Bedford, Mass., President; Oscar Kinsman, Vice-President; Phil W. Packard, Treasurer; John P. Donnelly, Secretary. State Managers: H. P. Hunt for Maine; J. E. Livingston, New Hampshire; Robert D. Livingston, Connecticut; F. C. Dine, Massachusetts; A. B. Medford, Vermont, and Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1886. Address the Secretary, Woonsocket, R. I.

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Reister Street Chapel, in Reister Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Daniel J. Ward; Vice-President, Alfred H. Bonfield; 2d Vice-President, John C. Dine, Treasurer, George Kinney; general Secretary, Robert T. Bailey; Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Housel. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Robert T. Bailey, 15 Thomas Street, Newark, New Jersey.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.)

THE PEABODY LITERARY CLUB, OF BALTIMORE.

The Peabody Literary Club meets every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock, in the Young Men's Christian Association building, corner Charles and Saratoga Streets, Baltimore. Entrance on Charles Street. The officers of the club for the current half year are: President, Aaron Friedreich; Vice-President, H. E. Underwood; Secretary, Henry J. Gili; Treasurer, James H. Mooney; Sergeant-at-Arms, Chas. H. Reed. Those who desire to make communications should be addressed to the Secretary at 356 Madison Avenue, Baltimore, Md. Gentlemen from other states are cordially invited to attend social and literary exercises, except business meetings.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of deaf-mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in 1876, and meets at its rooms, 223 Essex Street, every Sunday forenoon, for holding services. Bible Class every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. P. W. Packard, Permanent Pastor; Hardy P. Chapman, President; William Bailey, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer; P. W. Packard and George Mackintosh, Committee; W. K. Bigelow, I. P. Harris, George Pease, Trustees.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are: William T. Collins, President; Nels Zimmerman, Vice-President; Charles A. Smith, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and Hiram B. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also holds Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 3rd street near Duquoina Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on 8th Avenue near Wood Street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquoina Way